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NOTICE.—To avoid delay in the execution of  
Orders it is particularly requested that all  
business communications be addressed to the  
firm of A. S. Watson and Co., or  
827 HONGKONG DISPENSARY.

The report furnished by Mr. DAVENPORT as  
the result of his observations on the journey  
from Hankow to Yunnan, and just printed,  
is a rather elaborate document, and contains  
a great deal of highly important information  
on the trading capabilities of the country  
traversed by the Yunnan Mission. The re-  
port is moreover well written, and will be

read with interest even by those not im-  
mediately concerned in the trade capacities of  
the interior of China, as it affords much fresh  
information. Mr. DAVENPORT evidently used  
his eyes to good purpose, and accurately carried  
out Sir Thomas' wide range of instructions to take  
observations on the country through which he passed. The result, at all events, is a full and  
extensive report, which we can safely  
give in instalments, through want of space.

Similarly, in commenting upon it, we must  
be content to notice sections of it at a time.

time. The least interesting portion of the  
document to foreign residents in China is  
necessarily the opening portion, which refers  
to places which have been previously visited  
and reported by the agents of the Shanghai  
Chamber of Commerce. What Mr. DAVENPORT  
says about Shashih and Ichang is con-  
firmatory of previous reports. The former,  
though a struggling, dirty, unwholesome town, is  
a state's most important mart, whilst  
large numbers of junks resort, and is well  
situated for the carrying on of trade, as it is  
the port of Kiang-chow, a large prefectural  
city. But while there is no doubt that Shashih  
is an emporium of commerce, its situation is  
very unhealthy, below the average level  
of the river, in a semi-tropical country, would  
certainly, Mr. DAVENPORT remarks, render  
it an unhealthy place of residence for Europeans.  
In this respect Ichang possesses great ad-  
vantages over Shashih, and they have secured  
it for the honour of election as one of the new  
treaty ports, though as a commercial mart it is  
vastly inferior to Shashih. Mr. DAVENPORT is  
of opinion that by making Shashih a  
port of call and Ichang the treaty port nothing  
can be lost. There appears to be little  
trade going on at the picturesque city of  
Kweichow-fu, the inhabitants of which are  
said to exist on the passing junks, which are  
obliged to submit to inspection at the Custom  
house there. From Kweichow-fu to Chung-  
king the country is highly cultivated, every  
available inch of soil being utilised. Of  
Chungking Mr. DAVENPORT says that it  
quite came up to the descriptions given  
of it as the emporium of Western China,  
but he adds that it was somewhat sur-  
prised to hear the owing to the oppressive  
taxation a large number of the best houses  
were untenanted, from the failure of the  
banks which had occupied them, "while at  
least half of the junks (which extended for  
miles along the faces of Chungking and Li-  
niru, both in the Yangtze and the River Ho)  
were laid up for want of employment."

Making allowance for some exaggeration  
in the native statement, the fact that trade has  
fallen remains notwithstanding, as the city  
authorities confirmed that portion of it. Mr.  
DAVENPORT, though they attributed it  
as they naturally would, to different  
causes. The tendency of the officials all  
over the Central Kingdom is apparently  
the same. In their eagerness to get at the  
golden eggs, they frequently kill the goose  
and will not take warning from experience.  
By this measure once prosperous cities have  
been reduced to stagnant and decaying little  
towns, the trade they formerly possessed  
having been driven away by the intolerable  
exactions of the mandarins. In the course  
of his progress Mr. DAVENPORT took notes  
with regard to the crops, and some of his  
remarks on these are worth of careful attention.  
He noticed that large quantities of  
silvers were grown in the province of Hupeh,  
for the Colonists. Let us take, for example, the  
case of the Danube, opposite Rustchuk and  
Nikopol, but have been forwarded as requested—

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your most obedient servant,  
J. GARDNER AUSTIN,  
Colonial Secretary,  
Granville Sharp, Esq.,  
2c, &c., &c., &c.

Bank Buildings, Hongkong,  
6th June, 1877.

Sir,—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt  
of your letter of the 3rd ultimo, forwarding a  
memorial on the Currency Memorial, and I  
have to inform you that the same will be  
presented to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for  
the Colonies.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your most obedient servant,  
J. GARDNER AUSTIN,  
Colonial Secretary,  
Granville Sharp, Esq.,  
Bank Buildings, Hongkong,  
6th June, 1877.

Sir,—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt  
of your letter of the 6th instant, forwarding a  
memorial on the Currency Memorial, and I  
have to inform you that the same will be  
transmitted to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for  
the Colonies.

Will you permit me to add that the  
memorial contains the following at the  
portion of the sentence which I have marked  
with a star—“to abstain altogether from taking  
any part, directly or indirectly, in the war now  
existing between the said Sovereigns, their  
subjects, and territories, and to remain at  
peace with and to maintain a peaceful and  
friendly correspondence with each of their  
respective countries, territories, and  
dominions.” The omission appears to me to be  
very significant indeed.

I hear that Sir Garnet Wolseley had a long  
conference yesterday with the Secretary of State for India on the subject of future possible  
military operations on the Asian side of Turkey.  
I am told that the result of the conference  
was that the British Government will be  
prepared to do what they can to assist the  
Turks in their resistance against the  
Greeks, but that they will not be called in  
unless the Turks are beaten, and that they will  
not be called in unless the Turks are beaten.

Will you permit me to add that the  
memorial contains the following at the  
portion of the sentence which I have marked  
with a star—“to abstain altogether from taking  
any part, directly or indirectly, in the war now  
existing between the said Sovereigns, their  
subjects, and territories, and to remain at  
peace with and to maintain a peaceful and  
friendly correspondence with each of their  
respective countries, territories, and  
dominions.” The omission appears to me to be  
very significant indeed.

Of course, I am giving my opinion, and  
when I deduce my inferences, the reader can  
form his own views. England's weak point lies  
in this, that immediately on Turkey sustaining  
several reverses, she will be compelled to  
make a stand, and that the Turks will be  
inclined to attack her. I do not myself  
believe that the Russians have any designs  
whatever on European Turkey, Germany,  
Austria, and Italy will surely oppose Muscovite  
aggrandisement either on the Danube or in  
the Balkans, while England will certainly occupy  
Constantinople should it fall in her power. Until  
the Bosphorus is opened, England has no  
easy access to the Black Sea, and the  
other that takes place, England will be well ap-  
pointed by the Powers I have named. In Asia,  
however, the contest is different; there England  
alone of all the Great Powers is imperilled by  
Russian aggression. My contention is that the  
object of Russia in carrying on war on the  
Danube is to divert the Ottoman army from  
Asia and to support the risings of the Christians  
in the Balkans. The Russian army will be  
employed in a certain place, and the Turks will  
be compelled to march against the Russians, and  
thus the Turks will be beaten, and the  
Russians will be beaten, and the English will  
not be able to interfere.

London, 1st June.

SUPPLIED TO THE DAILY PRESS.

(Via Southern Route.)

LONDON, 1st June.

REPORT OF DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS.

According to unofficial despatches the  
Russians have attempted the passage of the Danube  
at Nikopol, but have been repelled.

THE EXUMES OF PEACE.

The Russian Press, on the subject of peace  
negotiations, is in agreement at the notion that  
Russia would be satisfied with a peace without  
solid guarantees.

LONDON, 1st June.

THE MONTENEGRI BEBELEX.

The Turks continue to meet with success

in their Southern Route.

THE PASSAGE OF THE DANUBE.

The Russians are massing troops on the left  
bank of the Danube, opposite Rustchuk and  
Nikopol.

A TURKISH FORCE LOAN.

The Turkish Chamber of Deputies has ap-  
proved of a forced loan of £50,000.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

13th June.

Before JAMES RUSSELL, Esq.

GAMBLING.

Chen Ateal, who said he was a doctor, was  
sentenced to 21 days hard labour for gambling  
on the Praya Chai.

KEEPING HIS PROMISE.

Ho Aki, a chink cook, was charged by  
police with having been sent to prison for  
stealing a horse.

THE REACH OF HARBOUR REGULATIONS.

Ho Aki and four others were charged with  
having been sent to prison for breaking into  
a house.

LAUGHERY FROM THE PERSON.

Yan Kong Fui, a coolie, was sentenced to  
one month's hard labour for snatching a hair  
pin from the head of a woman named Ho Aki,  
whilst she was engaged bathing out water in  
Ship street.

HOME AND CHINA AFFAIRS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

London, 14th May.

BRITISH POLICY ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Regarding the intentions of the British Gov-  
ernment in respect of the Eastern Question,  
and of those of the French, I will only say  
that I venture the following as a fair summary.

Let me begin with the Yunnan speech of

the Prime Minister uttered last November at  
Gulphul. Notwithstanding the extreme pre-  
sumption to which the speech gave rise, it  
is not only durable, but will stand the test of  
time. It is a masterly effort, and I have  
no doubt that it will be well received in  
England.

THE CHINESE WAR.

Having studied the foreign importations  
of the Chinese war, the British and French  
fleets entered the Black Sea for the purpose of  
rendering assistance to the Turks, and to  
render impossible the Russian fleet's  
invasion of the Black Sea.

Both sides had provided a force of fifty thousand  
men to occupy Constantinople, and to  
practically drive the Ottomans out of the  
Bosphorus.

Mr. Bright declines again to discuss

the question, having so often done so before.

He is, however, inclined to believe that the  
French will be compelled to act.

THE CHINESE WAR.

There is no doubt that the French will be  
inclined to act.

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THE CHINESE WAR.

name, their doctrines being dissimilar and their bodies unconnected. The reason of the riot, they say, was that "so large a number had been struck down that it failed to create a pestilence from inability to bury such an enormous number of bodies." As a matter of fact, the plague has been endemic in the city from that time until now.

I failed utterly to obtain a trustworthy list of priests of foreign goods, but I ascertained that they were brought here from Shamo and well known to those among us. It probably thinks that such a man follows me to us.

The *Newspaper Herald* suggests that the gullible be called into requisition to suppress the *tramp*. Well, that would be a capital way to get a head of him that's a fact.—Pax.

The St. Augustine Hotel in Florida is the largest in the world. It is to be built on the spot where the famous one was the *Smiths of New York*.—Cincinnati *Advertiser*.

It is asserted that agriculturally disposed Rhode Islanders tie strings to their vegetable tops and pull them up carefully to prevent attacking Connecticut and Massachusetts soil.—*Boston Express*.

Hanging on a peg in the *Derrick* office is a golden crown studded with diamonds. It is the emblem of the *United States* article of street fishing and says nothing about "speckled beauties."—*Oil City Derrick*.

Nicholas may plant and Pockehead may water, but all the wisdom of the Commission can bring no comfort to the heart of a New Orleans patriot whose son has been shot by a policeman.

*Burlington Huzzards*.

Sixty thousand men of all professions don't have

time to think of their own living. They are always according to the play-bills and advertisements, "well supported by an excellent company."

*Philadelphian Bulletin*.

Ancient Miss Robertson's recent whistling performances before General lightfoot at Dudley House, the sound of it, stated not made with the lips in the usual manner, through the teeth, the best being done by the old ladies and little girls being drawn back. Indeed, the lady is said to whistle quite as well, if not better than she sings. Why not then get up a "whistling concert" at St. James' Hall during the season, with Miss Robertson as whistler?

The story is told of Sir Samuel Baker, the African traveller, that when he was taking leave of Kamara, King of Mayo, the King said to him, "I will give you a present before you leave Lady Baker behind." Seeing that his guests were really very ugly, he added, in a deprecating voice, "Don't be angry; I did not mean to offend you by asking for your wife. I will give you a wife if you want one, and I think you would have no objection to give me yours. It is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives, and I thought you might like to exchange.

Don't make a fuss about it; if you do not like it, I shall be glad to take it back."

*AMERICANS ABROAD*.

The New York San devotes considerable space to the discussion of the American ladies in Europe, and notes, as one of the results of hard times, the reduction in their style of living. The editor says:—A broad, the rich man has, in the way of lavish expenditure, quite taken the place of the English. Poor Americans of whom we here speak have a larger share in the increasing supply, carefully culled from every walk, profession, and occupation in life.

But recent advice from Paris brings intelligence of hard times on the American colony there. Many families, long in affluent circumstances, have been forced to give up their luxuries, and are now depending entirely on the income from their savings of years past. Others again, have greatly reduced their expenses, and are patiently waiting for a turn in the tide. It can readily be understood that those who for many years derived princely incomes from Broadway property, and now receive anything, perhaps one-half of their former receipts, cannot continue to pay taxes here and spend, as they formerly did, \$25,000 or \$30,000 a year abroad.

*BATOUM—RUSSIAN ARMY TRANSPORT*.

The town of Batoum, near to which the first shot in the war has been fired, is an extremely dirty and unhealthy place, with about two thousand inhabitants; but it is the only harbour on the eastern coast of the Black Sea in which large vessels can take refuge. The Russian Government has established a hospital there, and a hospital ship, the *Yevgeny*, will be sent to Batoum.

Chinese Insurance Company—\$225 per share. Hongkong Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$55 per share.

China Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$145 per share. Hongkong & Whampoa Docks Company's Shares—22½ per cent. discount.

Hongkong, Canton, and Macao Steamboat Co.'s Shares—7 per cent. discount.

Shanghai Steam Navigation Company—The 29 per share.

Hongkong Gas Company's Shares—\$75 per share.

Hongkong Hotels Company's Shares—\$62 per share.

Chinese Imperial Loan—£100, £x. 4s. 1d.

*SALE ON JUNE 13TH, AS REPORTED BY CHINESE*

Wuchow—100 bags, \$9.40, by Kwong Wo Chong to travelling trader.

Fung—10 bags, at \$30.00, by Kwong Wo Chong to travelling trader.

Gum—100 bags, at \$30.00, by Chau Tai to travelling trader.

Patehuk—20 bags, at \$9.00, by Chau Tai to travelling trader.

Bamboo—50 pieces, at \$3.50, by Chau Tai to travelling trader.

California—Dried Sausage—40 bags, at \$12.70, by Dun Ling Loong to travelling trader.

Shantung Pomme—100 pieces, at \$4.00, by Kuan Sung Tui to local trader.

Milled Rice—2,000 pieces, at \$2.02, by Yuen Fat to local trader.

American Flour—50 bags, 50 lbs., at \$1.55, Sang Tai Loong to local trader.

White Wax—2 pieces, at \$60.00, by Tuck Kee to travelling trader.

*HONGKONG TEMPERATURE*

From Miss Falconer & Co.'s Register.)

Summer—9 A.M. .... 2001F

Summer—1 P.M. .... 2004F

Summer—4 P.M. .... 2004F

Summer—9 P.M. .... 2004F

Summer—1 P.M. .... 2005F

Summer—4 P.M. .... 2005F

Summer—9 P.M. .... 2005F

Thermometer—Maximum ..... 2005F

Thermometer—Minimum (over night) ..... 2005F

For Sale.

*COTTAGE PIANOS*.

Apply to STEIMSEN & Co.

at 831 Hongkong, 1st June, 1877.

*CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S CELEBRATED WINES*.

We have secured some Excellent Wines and Cognac of the well known shippers, Cutler, Palmer & Co., and invite comparison with any and all other brands.

We have to offer:

Per 1 doz. quarts.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S CHAMPAGNE, \$15.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S HOPCHAU, \$8.50.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S CHATAU, \$12.

MOUTON, \$10.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S CHATEAU LAROSE, \$7.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S ST. JULIEN, \$8.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S CANTENAC, \$5.50.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S MEDOC, \$4.50.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S HARC SAU, \$3.

TERRE, \$1.25.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S SHERRY, \$10.25.

fine full flavor, black seal.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S SHERRY, \$9.

Vino Fino, blue seal.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S SHERRY, \$9.50.

Marsala, red seal.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S SHEEP, \$8.25.

Vino Fino, blue seal.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S COGNAC 1 star, \$6.25.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S COGNAC 2 star, \$7.50.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S COGNAC 3 star, \$9.

CUTLER, PALMER & CO'S COGNAC 4 star \$10.50.

Also,

*WEIGHTS AND MEASURES*

*CHAMPAGNE*

at \$15 per Case of 12 oz. Quarts.

R. B. JACKHEAD & CO.

1884, Hongkong, 1st December, 1876.

1 M. T. OUR 1876'S C. G. LTD.—REDUCED PRICE \$1.

Containing the names of all the Articles of Trade, objects of Natural History, Furniture, &c., &c., with the Print, and Mandarin Prose.

Also a few copies of the GRAMMAR of the Chinese Language in two parts.

The Chinese people are interested in buying the Queen's new residence—Government House, Hongkong.

## Extracts.

## A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

OCTOBER, 1748.

A fleet with flags arrayed,  
Sailed from the port of Brest,  
And took the Channel first.  
The signal—“Steer northeast”  
For this Adonal D’Anville,  
Had sworn by cross and crown  
To range with fire and steel  
Our housetop Boston Town.

There were rumours in the street,

That the houses were gulfed;

Or that the fire had spread,

And the danger became near;

And while from a cut to mouth

Spread the tailings of dismay,

I stood in the Old South,

Staying dumbly “Let me pray!”

O Lord! we would not advise;

But if it is thy pleasure,

To drive the French fleet hence,

And scatter it far and wide,

Or sink it in the sea;

We should be satisfied,

And think the glory be.

This was the prayer I made;

For my soul was all on fire,

And I could not sleep,

The snoring faintest came.

It came with a mighty power,

Shaking the windows and walls,

And telling the bell in the tower,

As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly

Struck the tall mast of my ship,

And I cried, “Lord will, and so

The salvation of the Lord!”

The heavens were black with cloud,

The sun went white with heat;

And over more fierce and loud

Blew the October gale.

The heat is over,

The gale is past in the van

Like the tempest of Cahn shok,

Or the curtains of Midian;

Down on the reeling decks

Crushed the overwhelming seas;

As never were there wrecks

So pitiful as these;

Like a patient, rest, broken

The great heart of the line;

They were many a score of wrecks;

Or sank like lead in the brine;

O Lord! before thy path

They vanish, no ceased to be;

When thou didst walk in wrath

With thine horned host.

Hector W. Loxley.

## WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

A scientific lecturer on walking says his experiments show that one side of the body always tends to outwalk the other. It is extremely fortunate for all of us that this lecturer has called attention to this singular propensity, because it would have been uncommonly disagreeable if, some day, when we were walking up the street, one side of us started ahead and outwalked the other, and got a dozen squares in advance of it. No man likes to see half of himself jouncing along the side-walk without any reference to the other half; and the half all following him. Everybody ought to guard against such a calamity.

## A NOVEL CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Wall Street Journal* writes—A gentleman has just died here who owed most of his celebrity to the quaint manner in which he managed to dismember himself of his creditors. No sooner did a law present himself than he was ushered into a room hung round with a variety of mirrors, some convex, other concave, &c., &c. In one of the unfortunate creditor held himself with a hand at his flounder, in another his features were nearly as sharp as a knife; in a third he had several heads; in a fourth he was upside down. Here he had the broad grin of a clown, there the long-drawn visage of an undertaker. On one side of the room he saw himself all head and no body, on the other side it seemed as if a dwarf had put on the boots of a giant. No applicant, however pressing, was known to resist this chamber of horrors for more than a quarter of an hour.

## A WELL-SPENT EVENING.

In the evening I went with my mother to a party at Old Lady Cork’s. We started for our assembly within a few minutes of Sunday morning. Such rooms—such ovens!—such boxes full of fine folks and foul air! in which we stood and sat, and looked and listened, and talked nonsense, and heard it talked, and perspired and smothered and suffocated. On our arrival, as I was going upstairs, I was suddenly squeezed flat against the wall by her potent grace, the Duchess of St. Albans. We remained half an hour in the straining atmosphere of the drawing rooms, and another half an hour in the freezing hall; before the carriage could be brought up; I caught a dreadful cold and came home; did not go to bed till two o’clock, with an intolerable headache and toothache, the well-earned reward of a well-spent evening.—*Fanny Kemble*, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

## AN IRISHMAN’S WILL.

In the name of God, Amen! I, Timothy Dobbin, of Barrydowne, in the county Clare, farmer, being sick and aware on my legs, but of sound head and warm heart—Glory to God! do make this my first and last will and testament. First, I give my soul to God, when it places him to take it;—so that he may be kind to me, for I can’t help it; and my body to be buried in the ground of Barrydowne Chapel, where all my kith and kin that have gone before me, and those who live after, belonging to me, are buried, pace to their ashes and may the sod rest lightly over their bones. Bury me near my godfather and my mother who lie separated altogether at the other side of the chapel yard. I have the bit of ground containing eight acres—rare old Irish acres—to my eldest son Tim, after the death of his mother, if she lives to survive him. My daughter Mary and her husband, Paddy O’Reagan, are to have the black sow that’s going to have twelve black boulds. Teddy, my second boy, that was killed in the war in America, might have got his pick of the poultry, but as he has gone I’ll have them to his wife, who died a week before him. I bequeath to all to mankind fresh air from heaven, all the fishes of the sea they can take, and the birds of the air they can shoot. I leave all the sun, moon, stars. I leave to Peter Rafferty a pif of pothen I can’t finish, and may God be merciful to him.—American Paper.

## GOLD DISTRICTS.

Our own country is not without her gold districts, for small quantities have been found in Cornwall. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth extensive washings for gold were carried out at Leadhills, Lanarkshire, Scotland. It has also been found in Glen Turiel in Perthshire, at Cumberhead in Lanarkshire, and more recently large quantities have been found at Sutherlandshire, Ireland, towards the close of the last century, supplied a large quantity of gold, but the yield only lasted for a short period; it was found at Arklow, in the county of Wicklow. Pieces were found by the people working omelates. I believe it is a mark belied in their characters they could not treat them so monstrously. This wanton use of death is utterly unlike the spirit of tragedy and serious romance—it is petty and heartless. If it is done in a book of horrid cleverness of Mr. Black’s, it is to be, it is said, that the writer care more for an easy and effective way of getting at the end of his story than for the comfort of his readers or the natural development of his characters. I admit that I say these things in anger in sorrow.—*Franz. The Contribution Club*, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

**STONE ADZES IN THE PACIFIC.**  
The adzes of the Marquesas Islands are frequently fitted with carvings. “Pua” wood, the wood used for the adzes, is said to be of great quality, and is used for the manufacture of their little spears. What a contrast with the loathsome embarrassment of English children who can hardly get to say a word to strangers, who are alternately boisterous and shy, who hang their heads, who swing their arms, whose only thought in the presence of grown-up people, is to shrink off and recover their spirit in the playground! The little French girl has not been relegated to the nursery, she has been accustomed from the earliest age to sit at table with her parents, to listen to their conversation, to be presented to their friends; she has been taught to recite her little fables with gestures and inflections, to articulate distinctly, to bow, to pay little compliments and return thanks for the attention she receives. Her powers of mimicry have been encouraged to the utmost; the nearer she succeeds in imitating the somewhat artificial bearing and speeches of her masters, the more she is applauded. Her own little achievements and remarks are related to the strangers in her presence, and the great importance of public opinion—the praise or blame of others, is thus constantly impressed upon her. Above all, it is ill-redded that is the supreme affair! “Come to yeal fate, come to yeal tens mal!” such are her mother’s grave reproaches. It is ill-redded to rump, to play in such a way as to become red in the face and to perspire; it is ill-redded to raise one’s voice; above all, it is ill-redded to lose for a moment the consciousness of being exquisitely and elaborately dressed. You will see the ladies sitting in the Tuilleries summing their children from their play simply to adjust a curl, a ribbon, to estate our portion of the skirt, in a word to recall to the child’s mind the all-important fact. A French girl before marriage is under constant surveillance; she is guarded just as if everybody were convinced that the moment she were left to her own instincts she would be certain to do mischief. Males young and old are kept at a severe distance. Generally speaking she is not taken into society, or if she is only under certain restrictions. Thus, she may be allowed to dance, but not to converse with her partners. Flirtation is next to an impossibility. Her reading is mostly of a devotional character, no editions are deemed sufficiently exalted for play; they are more enough for her. French plays are rarely to be seen; her future son-in-law is still “Here is my daughter, she is twenty years of age, but never for five minutes, by day or by night, has she been out of my keeping.” Truly a precious guarantee for future good conduct.—*Westminster Review*.

## A BARGAIN.

When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and the judge used to go into one another about trading horses, and it was agreed that the next morning at 9 o’clock they should make a trade, the horses to be turned up to that hour, and no bargaining under the forfeiture of \$5. At the hour appointed, the judge came up, leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with his wooden sawhorse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the crowd, and the bellowing increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the judge’s animal, set down his sawhorse and exclaimed, “Well, judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade!”

**THE FRENCHWOMAN IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.**  
You never catch a Frenchwoman climbing into a carriage with a sheet of magnifying glass and journals in her hands; if she is travelling with a man she will, perhaps, glance at the *Picardie*, or the illuminated paper he may lend her, but she will never retain it long, and in handing it back to him will generally increase what Mr. Lincoln was paid.

The minute the carriage stopped, she

continued to read, and to continue that

which may start a conversation on topics non-

political. A Frenchwoman travelling alone

would never bury herself in a book because she would fear to be taken for an affected prude or a blue-stocking, and because such a proceeding would seem impudent to her fellow-passengers; likewise a Frenchman, who may be reading alone in a railway carriage, will, on the entrance of a woman, immediately fold up his paper, knowing that

that recognise their social supremacy at all times

and in all places.—*Daily Times*.

**CRUELTY TO READERS.**  
There ought to be a movement for the Prevention of Cruelty to Readers. No man has the right to spoil the pleasure and comfort of people who are pleased with his manner of writing by the wanton murder of his dramatic personae. I feel that I have been grieved out of several hours of enjoyment by the way in which Mr. William Black has ended his Madcap Violet. The first half of this book leaves nothing. The characters of Drummond and Violet are sketched with no great depth or subtlety, it is true, but with a free and full hand, and a certain friendliness of tone that gains singularly upon the sympathies. When our feelings are fully enlisted, Drummond’s sister, who is represented as a good sort of person, does a stupid and hateful thing which poisons the lives of everybody in the book. This shows not only bad art but bad heart, at least a great lack of right feeling. The only emotion excited by it is one of anger and grief. It is not touching, it is simply exasperating. Worse to follow is settling down on the doomed lovers. We merely perceive Mr. Black putting out their eyes and killing them when they begin to grow hairy on his hands. It was said to be the custom of the stage-drivers of Nevada, after an overturn of their vehicles, to go about among the maimed, survivors, and knock all on the head with a monkey-wrench to prevent their annoying the company with lawsuits.—Mr. Black seems to have adopted the same prudent policy. He even could think of no better way than this to dispose of the most engaging of his characters, who are the most popular of people he has ever created. His taste for murder as a solvent appears almost a mania in his book. He wants Violet to miss her steamer to New York, and can think of no easier means to effect this than by killing the harmless little pot of the furniture shop—so that at the close there is not a household mentioned in the story without its corpse. It is not the awkwardness of all this to which I so much object as its wanton cruelty. The book is spoiled by it.

The book is spoiled by it. If you cook your fish with wormwood in your ale, surely because leaving out the wormwood is the conventional way of making omelates. I believe it is a mark belied in their characters they could not treat them so monstrously. This wanton use of death is utterly unlike the spirit of tragedy and serious romance—it is petty and heartless.

If it is done in a book of horrid cleverness, it is to be, it is said, that the writer care more for an easy and effective way of getting at the end of his story than for the comfort of his readers or the natural development of his characters. I admit that I say these things in anger in sorrow.—*Franz. The Contribution Club*, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

**THE LAUGHING JACKASS.**  
I was strolling through some rather remote bush one morning, looking for a scarce fern, and, being in much dread of snakes, was on the alert for all unwanted sights and sounds. There was a chorus of birds in the red dawn, a chorus not of song, but of crieries, piercing and discordant. Parrots, crimson, scarlet, green, orange, blue; lemon-crested cockatoos by the hundred spread out on the grass, screaming over their morning meal; timid small birds of brilliant green, a myriad gaudy flitting among the grey branches like gorgous blossoms, all singing together as they took flight at my appearance, were a wonderful spectacle. But they did take flight mostly, and let the forest tolerably quiet; and I had just discovered my fern when I was startled by a rude “Ha! ha! ha! ha!” close to me, followed by equally insulding bursts of laughter further off, repeated over and over again. Not a creature was to be seen, however, and setting over my freight I laughed too, for I had been totally humbugged by the “laughing jackass,” whose hilarity is indistinguishable from that of the human voice. I saw one of these birds afterwards. Dead. It had a general resemblance to the American created joy, but was twice as large, and its beak twice as long.—*Leisure Hour*.

**FEARFUL GIRLS.**  
Look at the little girls which you will see playing any sunshiny day in the Tuilleries gardens; they will discern in their demeanour, in their pretty coquettish little gestures, in their mindlessness of bystanders, all the arts and manevres of polite society. They are not real children in tricks and petticoats eager to run, to romp, to make a noise; they are the miniatures of full-grown ladies, as elaborately dressed, as careful of their theory, as exclusive in the choice of their acquaintance, as flattering or as malicious in their little speeches. What a contrast with the loathsome embarrassment of English children, who are alternately boisterous and shy, who hang their heads, who swing their arms, whose only thought in the presence of grown-up people, is to shrink off and recover their spirit in the playground! The little French girl has not been relegated to the nursery, she has been accustomed from the earliest age to sit at table with her parents, to listen to their conversation, to be presented to their friends; she has been taught to recite her little fables with gestures and inflections, to articulate distinctly, to bow, to pay little compliments and return thanks for the attention she receives.

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**SOMEBODY’S ENGAGEMENTS.**  
During the Easter Holidays Mr. Gladstone will deliver addresses on the Burials Bill, the Post-office Question, and William Cawston. It has transpired (through a keyhole) that Mr. Gladstone is about to make his appearance in an entirely new arena of distinction: His spouse moments are all devoted to the completion of a large oil painting, an Homeric subject, which he will contribute to the new Shakespeare Gallery. Immediately after the recess Mr. Gladstone will hold a conference with the members of the Stock Exchange on their present position and future prospects. Mr. Gladstone is busy with a paper for the new Shakespeare Society on “Shakespeare’s Political Opinions.” Mr. Gladstone’s next lecture to the members of the Hawarden Mechanics’ Institute will deal with that disputed question, “The Botany of the Moon.” One of the Friday evening meetings of the Royal Institution will probably be given up to a paper by Mr. Gladstone on “Easter Eggs and the Way to Hatch ‘Em.” As President of the Hawarden Cricket Club, Mr. Gladstone has undertaken to review and remodel the rules of that body. “Pulpit and Preacher” is the attractive title of the lecture which Mr. Gladstone will deliver in the Hall of the Royal Society of Arts on “The Mutual Education Society.” Mr. Gladstone’s journey to Sweden, to investigate the Gobenborg system as advocated by Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., is postponed until the summer. Negotiations are pending with Mr. Gladstone for an address to be spoken on the opening of Her Majesty’s Theatre. Mr. Gladstone’s next article in the *Enlightened Statesman* will be on “Welsh Mammon, including the Rabbit.” Letters from Mr. Gladstone to his correspondents on Easter Day, Gobenborg, Sweden, the respective merits of Apollo and Tatius, Water and Hot, Cross Buns, Deep Sea Soundings, the rival claims of Scotch and Irish Whisky, the exact meaning of Protocol, etc., will shortly appear in the public papers.—*London News*.

**AN ITEM FOR DARWIN.**  
A plant has been newly found out in Lukipur, the leaves of which are very mucilaginous, the shape of a glass-pan, a great deal as they grow, and the smell of a burnt animal.

**AN IRISHMAN’S WILL.**  
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